DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

VOLUME XXIII. No 22 MONTREAL & NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 2, 1888. 30 CTS per An. Post-Paid

THE INFANT KING OF SPAIN, ALFONSO

AUBERT GALLION QUE
W M Foxcr 15 88

TRUE NOBLENESS.

(BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.)

"For this true nobleness I seek in vain,
In woman and in man I find it not;
I almost weary of my earthly lot,
My life-springs are dried up with burning pain."
Thou find'st it not? I pray thee look again,
Look inward through the depths of thine own soul.
How is it with thee? Art thou sound and whole?
Doth narrow search show thee no earthly stain?
Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own;
Then wilt thou see it gleam in many eyes,
Then will pure light around thy path be shed,
And thou wilt nevermore be sad and lone.

EARLY DRILL.

Not three years ago the attention of the world was drawn to the delicate little maiden of some five summers, whom, on the death of her young father, Alfonso XII., his people hailed as Queen of Spain. But her reign was short. Before many months had gone by a little son came to wear his father's crown, and the responsibility and honor she had never felt were transferred to the baby shoulders. Thoughtless people might be led to infer from our engraving that this young monarch's time was as yet all spent in play, but that is far from the case. Recollect, His Majesty has reached the mature age of half-past two, and where should a king be if not among his people. He has already taken part in a number of State ceremonials and in his last public appearance at the opening of the great Barcelona Exhibition sat on his throne, it is said, with a gravity and dignity that would well have become one many years his senior. His very play will be chosen with a view to his life work. What better drill could a baby soldier have than daily rides on his rocking horse? And such a horse perhaps no boy ever rode before, for the skin, it is said, is that of a pet pony ridden many years ago by his mother Queen Christina. This portrait is from a photograph of an oil painting by Professor Koppay, a young Hungarian painter, who, though only thirty-one years of age, has already won quite a reputation from his paintings of royal personages.

INSIST ON PROMPTNESS.

Teach your children to be prompt. Promptness is one of the most necessary things for them to learn, and you can in no other way be as sure that your teachings will be productive of the desired results as you will be if you yourself set an example of promptness.

One of the most cherished compliments I ever received was from one of my pupils, years ago, when I was a country school ma'am. "You may just bet," he said, "that something awful has happened, if teacher isn't on time."

I gave my scholars to understand that I considered a failure to be promptly on time entirely too much of a disgrace to be patiently endured, and one that was wholly unnecessary. Only the best of excuses for such failures would ever satisfy me, and I took good care never to give them the slightest opportunity to criticise me in that respect. A child always will learn more by example than by precept.

When I see a mother who is fond of putting things off until some more convenient time, I always wonder if she is impatient with her boys and girls when they fail to do their tasks as quickly as she thinks they should. Very likely she is. It is often the case that the ones who are least prompt have the least patience with others for being so.

There are very few instances where delay makes the task any easier to perform, or where any one is benefited by waiting for some more convenient time. The present is always the most convenient time, if we would only teach ourselves to think so, and when we have learned the lesson, then we can teach it to our children.

If they agree to do a thing at a given time, teach them to be prompt to a minute, and nothing less than "something awful" can keep them doing as they agreed, and exactly when they agreed.

A habit of promptness will be of more use to them when they have grown out of your care, than a great many gold dollars. It is your business to see that the habit is theirs.—*Selected.*

CONVERSION FIFTY YEARS AGO.

A STRUGGLE AFTER LIGHT—ITS LESSON TO PARENTS.

(*By a Clergyman.*)

I was twelve years of age when I first realized my personal responsibility to God. It was then I became deeply convicted of personal sin, and the need of something I had not yet experienced. A little incident illustrates the state of my mind. One Sabbath morning, instead of going to church as was our custom, I went with a boy acquaintance into the outskirts of the city, and passed the day in various amusements. Towards evening conscience awoke to a sense of guilt; I was ashamed and condemned. On my way home I met the people thronging to their places of worship. I hid myself through the by-streets and lanes. Reaching home I entered by a side gate and the back door, and stole upstairs, though it was yet light, undressed, crawled into bed, drew the quilt over my head, without supper, ashamed, afraid. Mother soon found me, and while regretting my conduct soothed me to rest.

Soon after this I was placed in a Scotch Presbyterian family for one year as shop boy. Here my convictions deepened. I usually retired at eight o'clock, and I spent some time in devotional exercises. The burden of my prayer was confession of sin, asking forgiveness, trying to be good. Still I was unsatisfied and unhappy. Thus I went on. My mind becoming more and more absorbed, my heart more tender, my anxiety greater. I felt I was in danger of being lost. Day and night these thoughts crowded my attention, and many nights were spent in prayer and meditation, This state of things continued for many weeks, and were fostered by such Scripture selections as the 51st Psalm. One of Watts' hymns for children was constantly on my mind:

"Can such a wretch as I,
Escape that cursed end;
And may I hope when o'er I die,
I shall to heaven ascend?

Then will I read and pray,
While I have life and health;
Lest I should be cut off to-day
And find eternal death."

I mentioned the state of my mind to no one. No one mentioned it to me. But through the grace of God the day of deliverance came. It was an afternoon of sunshine. Soon after dinner I was seated in a quiet corner of the store making paper bags. The people were passing in and out, but did not divert my attention. I was in a despondent state of mind, alone and sad, when suddenly it seemed to me as though a voice distinctly addressed me. The words were:

"Henry, you are trying hard to be a Christian. But you are not, you have never come to Jesus to save you."

With these last words light came into my soul. I responded:

"Oh, yes! I see now, that is just what I must do. I must do it now."

I immediately sought a retired spot. There was a small yard a few feet square, with high stone walls and a broad stairway. Under those stairs was my chosen spot of consecration. The snow was deep, but kneeling with my cap off and my hands clasped, I said, "Jesus, my Saviour, save me. Amen." I returned to the store justified, sweet peace came to my conscience, and I went on making the paper bags.

As I look back through these many years and endeavor to analyze that experience, it seems to me I was in a maze. I knew not what to do. I was willing to do anything. I tried long and earnestly to be good, but was not satisfied. There was conscious danger, almost despair. Probably had I spoken to my father or mother or pastor, the way would have been made clear.

How important that parents and pastors should look after anxious ones. Watch for souls. How wise for anxious ones to make known their desires to some Christian friend. The Master might have had a purpose in my experience. Through a long ministry I have met with many in a similar state of mind, and through grace been able to point them to the Lamb of God.

I have written the above narrative to encourage any who may be in a similar state of mind. Let no one suppose such experience necessary to salvation. Many come to the Saviour with smiles, as a child to the mother, and with the gentleness of child-like confidence enter the kingdom.—*Christian at Work.*

HOME STUDY OF THE LESSON.

The father of a certain family has procured a wide blank-book, and on one page he and his boys made a scrap-book Harmony of the Gospels. Each week they arrange the narrative of the events connected with the next lesson. On the opposite page they make notes. Each boy is as interested in the "Harmony" as in his stamp-book.

Another has drawn, on a large sheet of paper, the main outlines of the map of Palestine; and each place as it comes up for the first time in the readings connected with the lesson, is put down on the map. When Christ visited the place a second time, a dot is put against it. So the children are making a map of Palestine. These are ways of awakening the enthusiasm among a family of children in the study of the lessons.—*Baptist Teacher.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON VII.—NOVEMBER 18.

HELPING ONE ANOTHER.—Josh. 21: 43-45 and 22: 1-9.

COMMIT VERSES 22: 1-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.—Gal. 6: 2.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Twin virtues.—Faithfulness and Helpfulness.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Josh. 20: 1-9.
T. Josh. 21: 43-45.
W. Josh. 22: 1-34.
Th. Num. 31: 26-47.
F. Num. 32: 1-27.
Sa. Ps. 103: 1-22.
Su. 1 Sam. 30: 9-25.

TIME.—B. C. 1444. Not very long after the last lesson.

PLACE.—Joshua had made his capital at Shiloh (v. 9) where the tabernacle remained nearly all the time of the Judges. Shiloh was 17 miles north of Jerusalem, half way between Bethel and Shechem.

THE CONQUEST completed after nearly seven years of warfare.

THE LAND DIVIDED.—Nine and one-half tribes west of the Jordan; two and one-half east of Jordan.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

43. *The Lord gave:* by delivering them from Egypt, by leading them through the wilderness, by giving them the victory. *Sware unto their fathers:* Gen. 15: 18; Num. 34: 1-12. *They possessed it:* it was theirs, they lived in it, though some nations were not wholly driven out, Judg. 1: 21, 36. But the gift was perfect. God would have given them the victory at any time they were willing to do their part. 2. *Kept all that Moses commanded you:* that if they should take their inheritance beyond Jordan, they would yet aid their brethren to conquer Canaan, Num. 32: 6, 7, 16, 17. 40,000 went over, but there were 109,580 male adults in these tribes, Num. 26. *These many days:* nearly seven years. 4. *Unto your tents:* unto your homes beyond Jordan. 5. *Take diligent heed:* because there was great danger of going astray; for they would be separated from their brethren and the tabernacle, and be surrounded by heathen influences. It would be difficult to attend even all the great annual feasts. *Moses charged you:* See Deut. chs. 26-28. 8. *Return with much riches:* from the spoil of the rich nations of Canaan. An idea of the extent of these riches can be seen in the spoil taken from the Midianites, Num. 31: 26-47. The Canaanites had forfeited it by their wickedness. *Divide the spoil:* those who remained at home, taking care of their families and possessions, were to receive their portion, as well as the warriors. See Num. 31: 26; 1 Sam. 30: 22-25.

SUBJECT: FAITHFULNESS.

QUESTIONS.

I. THE FAITHFULNESS OF GOD (vs. 43-45).—What promise had God fulfilled? When was this promise made? (Gen. 15: 18.) How large was the land thus promised? (Josh. 1: 4.) Did the Israelites occupy all of it? (Judg. 1: 1-3, 21, 26.) Could they have done it if they would? Was God's gift perfect?

NEW TESTAMENT LIGHT.—Repeat some texts showing that God is still faithful to his promises. (1 Thess. 5: 24; Rom. 8: 30, 39; Phil. 1: 6; 2 Tim. 4: 18; Jas. 1: 17.)

II. FAITHFULNESS TO ONE ANOTHER (vs. 1-4).—What three tribes had their inheritance on the east of the Jordan? What did they promise when they asked for this inheritance? (Num. 32: 6, 7, 16, 17.) How had they fulfilled their promise? How long had they been away from their homes? Did all this show a good deal of the right spirit?

NEW TESTAMENT LIGHT.—What does Paul tell us to do? (Phil. 2: 4; Gal. 6: 2.) By what parable did Jesus teach the same duty? (Luke 10: 25-37.) In what ways can we help our brethren? How help ministers? How help missionaries? How help those who work in the temperance cause?

III. FAITHFULNESS TO GOD (v. 5).—To what dangers would the tribes east of the Jordan be exposed? (See Helps.) What earnest exhortation did Joshua give them? Is to do these things true religion? Is it the way to the best and happiest life? What did Christ once say of words like these? (Luke 10: 27, 28.)

IV. THE REWARD OF FAITHFULNESS (vs. 6-9).—How many soldiers went over to help their brethren? (Josh. 4: 13.) How many adult men remained to take care of their possessions at home? (See Helps; Num. 26: 7, 18, 31.) What rewards did the soldiers bring home? Give some idea of the amount from Num. 31: 26-47. With whom did they divide? Was this just as well as generous? Give another example. (1 Sam. 30: 22-25.) Do those who aid and support missionaries and laborers in Christ's vineyard have a reward with these workers?

LESSON VIII.—NOVEMBER 25.

THE COVENANT RENEWED.—Josh. 24: 19-28.

COMMIT VERSES 26-28.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord our God will we serve, and his voice will we obey.—Josh. 24: 24.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

There is every reason why we should decide to love and serve God.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Josh. 23: 1-16.
T. Josh. 24: 1-18.
W. Josh. 24: 19-33.
Th. 1 Kings 18: 21-39.
F. Deut. 27: 1-10.
Sa. Matt. 6: 19-34.
Su. 2 Cor. 6: 1-18.

TIME.—B. C. 1426. Eighteen years after the last lesson.

INTRODUCTION.—Towards the close of his life Joshua gives his dying charge to his beloved people. First he assembles the leaders and officers, and addresses them (ch. 23.) Then he summons another assembly of rulers and people at Shechem, where they had made a solemn covenant to serve God 25 years before, on their first entrance into Canaan. To-day's lesson contains a part of Joshua's address to this second assembly.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

In the previous verses Joshua glances at their past history, and urges reasons why the people should serve the Lord with all their hearts.

(1) Gratitude to him as the author of their nation; (2) his great power over all gods; (3) his preserving care; (4) his giving them possession of Canaan; (5) his hatred of sin (vs. 19, 20).

19. *Ye cannot serve the Lord:* ye cannot in your own strength; ye cannot without great care and watchfulness. *A jealous God:* one who will have the undivided love of your hearts. *He will not forgive:* he will not allow you to go on in sin without punishing you. 22. *Ye are witnesses against yourselves:* your public promise to obey will be a witness that you knew your duty, and accepted the conditions of blessing for obedience and punishment for disobedience. This is still true of men: (1) Every sinner's conscience is a witness against his course. (2) The principles on which business men must act as the condition of worldly success, will witness against those who refuse to apply like principles to religion,—principles which, if lived out, would lead them to be Christians. (3) The fault-findings of men against good people show that these fault-finders know what is right, and are to blame if they do not live up to it. (4) The principles on which good government are based indicate God's moral government in the world. (5) Our professions will be a witness. 25. *Set them a statute:* made this covenant a part of their national law.

SUBJECT: DECIDING FOR GOD.

QUESTIONS.

I. THE DUTY OF DECIDING FOR GOD.—Whom did Joshua summon to come to him just before he died? (23: 1, 2.) What great assembly did he govern after that? (24: 1, 2.) In what place? Of what did he first remind the people? (vs. 2-13.) In view of this history what did he exhort them to do? (vs. 14, 15.) Between what things would he have them choose? Have we a like choice? Between what? Can we help making a choice? How did Joshua enforce his advice? (v. 15d, c.)

II. REASONS FOR DECIDING FOR GOD (vs. 19, 20).—What did the people reply to Joshua's exhortation? (v. 16.) How many reasons are given for this resolve? How would gratitude lead them to serve God? (v. 17.) What reason would be found in God's great power in overcoming those who trusted in other gods? What is God's preserving care? (vs. 8, 17.) What in his giving them possession of Canaan? (vs. 13, 18.) What in God's character as a sin hating God? (vs. 19, 20.) What is meant by God's being jealous? What by not forgiving their transgressions? Do all these reasons hold why we should serve God? Apply each one to your own life and history.

III. THE DECISION MADE (vs. 21-25).—What promise did the Israelites make? How many times did they repeat it? How were they witnesses against themselves? Will all sinners be witnesses against themselves? How did Joshua confirm this statement? What two memorials did he make of it? (vs. 26, 27.) What similar promise was made in the same place 25 years before? (Josh. 8: 30-35; Deut. 27: 1-10.) What similar decision on Mount Carmel 500 years later? (1 Kings 18: 19-39.)

NEW TESTAMENT LIGHT.—What choice does Jesus bid us make? (Matt. 6: 33, Rev. 3: 20; 22: 17.) Must we choose between God and the world? (Matt. 6: 24.) Why should we choose God as our portion? (Matt. 11: 28-30; Rom. 2: 4; 12: 1; 1 Cor. 1: 25; John 3: 16.)

LESSON CALENDAR.

(Fourth Quarter, 1888.)

1. Oct. 7.—The Commission of Joshua.—Josh. 1: 1-9.
2. Oct. 14.—Crossing the Jordan.—Josh. 3: 5-17.
3. Oct. 21.—The Stones of Memorial.—Josh. 4: 10-24.
4. Oct. 28.—The Fall of Jericho.—Josh. 6: 1-16.
5. Nov. 4.—Defeat at Ai.—Josh. 7: 1-12.
6. Nov. 11.—Caleb's Inheritance.—Josh. 14: 5-15.
7. **Nov. 18.—Helping One Another.—Josh. 21: 43-45 and 22: 1-9.**
8. **Nov. 25.—The Covenant Renewed.—Josh. 24: 19-28.**
9. Dec. 2.—Israel under Judges.—Judg. 2: 11-23.
10. Dec. 9.—Gideon's Army.—Judg. 7: 1-8.
11. Dec. 16.—Death of Samson.—Judg. 16: 21-31.
12. Dec. 23.—Ruth's Choice.—Ruth 1: 16-22.
13. Dec. 30.—Review, Temperance. Num. 6: 1-4.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

WHAT CAN THE BUSY ONES DO?

Could we not do far more work, if we would take a little time to refresh our minds, thereby resting and refreshing our bodies as well? I have little sympathy for the woman who will sit down in the midst of dirt and disorder to read a trashy novel, or for the woman who, to gain time for reading, feeds her family at irregular times, on cold victuals, or in various ways neglects them.

I will tell you how I am situated so you will see how much I have to do, for, of course, in this, as in all things, circumstances alter cases. I have eight children to care for. I keep one servant girl, but do much of the housework and nearly all of the sewing, and *have always taken care* of my own babies. I have now three little children under school age. My health is good but I was never strong. I could never get up early in the morning and do half a day's work before breakfast as some can, but must work with great economy of strength. We live in a small town, and all the older children attend school nine months in the year, so they cannot help me very much, though I am trying to train them to habits of industry. I have never allowed the older girls to lounge about unemployed, but have always required them to have either work or a book when sitting down. They are welcome to play, and to have plenty of out-of-door sport; for I think they need it when confined so much in the schoolroom. They are very handy at sewing and at times can help me a great deal. My children are all girls but one, so you can see what an amount of sewing we must have to do. I usually select the plainer patterns for dresses because they are more easily made and laundried. I think there is nothing prettier for the little, plump children with well developed chests, than a plain "Dutch" waist, and full skirts with tucks which can be let down the next season, to save so much tedious making over. Woollens for winter and ginghams for summer, form the main supply. To me it is a help to cut out and make a good many garments of the same kind at one time. I seldom make a single article of clothing all by itself. Some days I cannot run the sewing machine; then I baste or finish off work by hand, or mend, and by the way, the mending and repairing is rather a formidable part of the work, but I can truly say I like it. There is, to me, a great satisfaction in making something out of nothing, and in stopping rents and holes, and I have always been thankful that I do not dislike this part of the work. Now if we were rich I would not spend so much time in mending, or in making over old dresses, but mothers of large families and in moderate circumstances must do it to make ends meet. To gain time for reading we must drop some of the non-essentials. I am very fond of all fancy work, knitting, embroidery, etc., but with the exception of a little kept on hand for visiting work, I dare not take time for it. With beautiful hosiery so cheap, does it pay busy mothers to spend so much time knitting stockings and mittens for the little ones? I have a friend who knits all the hosiery for her family of five, but she cannot find time to read the magazines or newspapers or a new book. Knitting lace is a fascinating employment, and I was once beguiled into spending days of valuable time in knitting a fine intricate pattern of linen lace for a child's skirt, when for a small sum I could have bought something that would have done as well. Even a plain hem would have been better than wasting so much time. For invalids or ladies of leisure, fancy work is often a real comfort, and I usually have something begun that may be taken up at times when I would do nothing else. What I object to is spending the evenings and leisure hours upon this work and neglecting to read. I know a lady who does not read at all, yet she knits beautiful lace, and trims her own and children's clothing, and even pillow cases with *this lovely work*. There are other ladies who spend all their time in doing all their housework, some of which is needless, and in *pastry cooking* which is worse than useless, because directly tending to injure the health of the family. They search the cook book daily for something new and nice to cook, but are apt to pass by all the directions for making delicious bread, rolls and biscuit, and the many recipes for warming up cold meats and vegetables, and making inexpensive and healthful relishes. The receipe book should be a help to better and more wholesome living, not a snare for our precious time and our poor stomachs.

I know a woman who is not content with sweeping her carpets in the ordinary way, but she cuts off about a third of the brush of her broom that she may the more effectually dig that poor carpet to pieces. She might as well throw her husband's hard earnings in the fire at once. This woman does not get time to read. O, no, she has to contrive how to patch that carpet till she can get another! Besides, she hasn't any money to spend for books and papers, and the almanac is pretty good reading any way, and all she has time to read. Some of these notably good housekeepers will neglect things about the house which I would think of prime importance; they will hurry to make up the beds before breakfast, so they will appear without spot or wrinkle, should a neighbor happen in early, not considering that many on entering a house where the beds are invariably made without airing, can detect that old, unpleasant smell that tells very plainly of the cause. I once heard of a woman who made the beds before the family were up, but I cannot vouch for the truth of this. These are the women whose families often sleep in a room all winter long, with double windows and no ventilators in them, whose pantries are well stocked with lard, cornstarch, crackers and fine flour, but where oatmeal, cracked wheat, and graham flour find no entrance. What wonder that disease usually appears in such houses! O, my friends, books and magazines and papers are cheaper than tombstones and doctors' bills. Let us avail ourselves of every means of gaining information as to the care of the health of our dear ones. If I have any motto as a guide in my duties it is this: Attend to that first which is most important. And as I have nearly always a baby to care for, it seems to me to be my first duty to keep the baby comfortable and happy. *I have often tried to work* with a little toddler clinging to my dress and fretting for attention, when it seemed as if I could *not stop* to attend to it, but I found that at such times it usually paid better in every way to stop a few minutes and attend cheerfully to its wants. Often a little love and some simple diversion will make it happy for a long while. How much better to do this than to slap or scold the little thing or roughly unclasp its little clinging hands. The memory of such treatment has often tortured the mother when the little one has been laid in the grave and the mother is left to work undisturbed.—*Cor. Housekeeper.*

A HELPFUL TALK.

The busy, tired house-mother, who is really in earnest in her desire for mental improvement and dreads the thought of growing rusty in all intellectual pursuits, will find time for a little reading each day; enough, at least, to enable her to keep informed on the current topics of the time.

It will make no difference to such a woman how much work she may have to do, or how many she may have to care for; but, mind you, she must be really in earnest; for, if only half-hearted in the matter, she will often declare that she is, "too tired to read," when she does have a few spare moments. That "where there's a will, there's a way," is just as true of this subject as of any that could be mentioned. When there is but one pair of hands to do all that comes under the head of housekeeping then considerable planning must be done in order to get a chance to peep at the books or papers at all. The greater the amount of work that must be done, the greater need there is of system in doing it.

I do not believe in cast-iron rules that neither sickness nor bad weather are allowed to upset, but we all know that much more can be accomplished and with greater ease when there is regularity in doing the work. When the washing can be done on Monday, the whole week seems to pass away better; Tuesday and Friday are excellent days to set apart for baking days. It is folly for an overworked mother to try to do too much in one day, just because Mrs. So-and-so washes and bakes and does lots of other work in a very short time, when her strength or surrounding circumstances are perhaps very different. It is one of every mother's chief duties, to take care of herself, her strength, her nerves and her good looks; she owes this to her husband and children.

Many busy women think they cannot have any system about doing their work when there is always so much waiting to be done. But every housewife knows just exactly what has to be done each week and about how much time must be devoted to the little ones; then why not have some regularity about it? We would think it very strange if the hurried man of business had no system in his affairs; and the home with all its complicated departments, requires just as good business management to run it properly, as a store or bank.

Mothers who have little babes to care for, and who must often sit down to nurse them, have then an excellent chance for reading. When one becomes accustomed to it, the plan of reading while knitting, soon becomes a second nature; and if a book or paper is placed in a convenient position, it will be easy to read a sentence now and then even when sewing. Sentences read and thought over in this manner will be remembered better than those read in a more hurried way.

It is essential that the busy, tired housemother should take a little rest each day, rest from sewing, knitting, mending and housework; this should be devoted to reading, when not needed for a nap, and is best taken just after dinner, before the dishes are washed. Reading at such a time diverts the thoughts from a sense of fatigue and cultivates the mind at the same time. Few families among the great army of working people find the money to spare for a daily paper; and if they did few housekeepers could find the time to read it.

One first-class weekly newspaper, well read, will keep one well posted on the current topics of the day. Where time is limited and one wishes to know something about all the leading questions of the times, such as the different phases of politics, the tariff, reducing the surplus, the relation of our country with foreign powers, woman suffrage and the temperance question,—the reading must be had in as condensed form as possible. Perhaps no better plan for this can be suggested than reading carefully the editorials in some good paper, when we feel that it is one on which we can rely for sound views on such topics.

For reliable and complete news on religious matters and the temperance question, a good religious paper should be taken and well read.

One of the first-class magazines should find a place in every home; but of course all cannot afford them. They are a very treasure-house of bits of travel, of historical and scientific research, of criticisms on works of art, and in their reviews of new books, besides getting the same reading every year that afterwards forms two or three books, from the pen of our most gifted writers of fiction.

In striving to become well read, let none forget to read daily a portion of the Scriptures, for there will be found advice and help for every phase of our daily life. Every wife and mother should read, remember, and talk over what she has read with her family, both for her own sake and theirs.

It is a pity that a woman who, before her marriage, was able to charm with her musical acquirements, *should ever find it necessary* to forego that pleasure afterward; for the evening and the Sabbaths are the times when one's family appreciate music; and but a small portion of time each week will suffice to keep many a one in practice.

But if "stern necessity" require it, let the music, painting and fancy work go—but the reading, never! It is wrong in a woman who has been married but a few years perhaps, to allow herself to fall behind in this matter. Don't say "I'm too tired to care anything about it," for the time will surely come when you will regret it, and then will find it next to impossible to regain the lost ground.

Some seem to think the reading of trashy stories will cultivate their minds; but this is a mistake. They may amuse, but never will they instruct.—*Mrs. O. W. Crawford.*

RECIPES.

BROWN BREAD.—Two-thirds of a cupful of molasses, two cupfuls of sour milk, one cupful of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of soda, one teaspoonful of salt, one cupful of flour, four cupfuls of corn meal. Steam three hours and brown a few minutes in the oven.

MACARONI AND TOMATO SAUCE.—To prepare this nutritious and palatable dish, break the macaroni (small pipe) into two inch lengths, after having carefully examined it to see that it is good, and drop it into boiling milk and water, equal parts, and boil until perfectly tender. One hour or longer will usually be required for this. Have ready a sauce made as follows: Take a pint of strained, stewed tomatoes, and heat to boiling, thicken with a heaping teaspoonful of flour rubbed smooth in a little water, add salt if desired, and at the last a half cup of hot, sweet cream. Boil up together for a minute. Dish the macaroni, and turn the dressing evenly over it.

PUZZLES.—No. 23.

Find the names of these objects, write them down in the order in which they come, and then find hidden words with the following meanings: 1. An excuse. 2. What sleepy folks enjoy. 3. A trace. 4. Solemn. 5. A hunting horn. 6. A smooth piece of grass land. 7. A fancy rural mansion. 8. An exhibition.

ENIGMA.

I'm in wander and in wait,
I'm in meadow and in gate,
I'm in lasting and in torn,
I'm in cummin and in corn,
I'm in housetop and in hearth,
I'm in landscape and in earth,
I'm in seven and in ten,
I'm in doorstop and in den,
I'm in apple and in pie,
I'm in barley and in rye,
I'm in harvest and in hay,
I'm in July and in May.

HANNAH E. GREENE.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Part of a wheel.
A department of France.
To lie at ease.
A part of the body.
A famous songstress of the day.
A town in the Bahamas.
A musical instrument.

My primals and finals spell two countries in Europe.

STANFEL WAINWRIGHT.

ENIGMA.

I am contained by 11 letters;
My 3, 6, 5, 9 is an insect;
My 4, 5, 6, 11, 10, 4, is a girl's name;
My 2, 7, 8, 9, is the hand when shut;
My 3, 1, 8, 4, is a deep cut;
My 4, 5, 9, is an article of dress;
My whole is a country in Asia.

SARAH CALDWELL.

WHAT CITY IS IT?

My whole is composed of 9 letters:
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, is part of the body;
My 6, 7, 8, 9, is a small body of standing water;
My whole is a city in England.

LIZZIE I. SURTEES.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

What river in South America has the name of a race of people.
What country in Europe has the name of a fowl?
What sea in Europe has the name of a color?
What lake in the North West Territory has the name of a big bird?
What lake in Manitoba has the name of a bird?
What Cape in the United States has the name of a fish?

FRED WM. THERRIEN.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 22.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.—Love one another.

ANAGRAMS.—1. Skeleton. 2. Shadow. 3. Regattas.

ENIGMA.—Verbena.

ANAGRAM.—*Northern Messenger.*

SQUARE WORD.—

G I A N T
I D L E R
A L L E Y
N E E D S
T R Y S T

PUZZLERS HEARD FROM.

The winner of the Prize for the best solution of the "Inventor's Head" writes:—

DEAR SIR.—My prize arrived here safely yesterday. I am delighted with the book. It is splendid. Thank you. Will you be kind enough to publish the "Inventor's Head" and the answer in the *Messenger* as I would like to send it to grandpa, and oblige,

Yours, with thanks,
J. W. Patterson.

How many of our readers would like another Prize Puzzle?

EDITOR *Northern Messenger.*

The Family Circle.

TELL ME QUICKLY.

A DYING CHINAWOMAN'S APPEAL.

Word and Work publishes the following verses, just received from a lady who has lately gone to China, hoping that it will interest and stir many.

"Oh! tell me, is it really true—
Is there a God above?
I never heard of him before,
You say his name is love:
Then tell me, tell me quickly,
For life is ebbing fast,
Is there really One who loves me,
His love, will it always last?

"My life has been full of sorrow,
Of care, and want, and pain;
With nothing to hope or long for,
Answer me once again:
Who is this Jesus you speak of?
It's all so strange and new,
Yet tell me some more about him,
If you're sure that it is true.

"Oh! yes, I know I am guilty,
My heart is black within;
Do you think your God will have me,
If I forsake my sin?
Wants he not something from me,
Have I just got to trust?
I can hardly understand you,
And yet I feel I must

"Believe your wonderful message
Of life for evermore;
I am so glad you came in time,
My days are almost o'er,
Won't you quickly tell my sisters
Of Jesus and his love?
Good-bye, good-bye, I am going,
I'll see you soon above."

Brothers and sisters in England,
If you really feel it's true,
That Jesus loves the poor Chinese,
As much as He loves you,
Oh! won't you come and help us
To tell the glad, good news?
The Lord himself is calling,
How can you then refuse?

—I. W. RAMSAY, *Chee-foo.*

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A little more than two years ago the observant passer-by on our ferries and railways found himself noticing on the dress of many ladies and girls a new adornment. Old women with bent forms, gray hair, and tottering footsteps, young and pretty women, girls in the sweetness of their opening life, little children in pinafores and Greenaway hats, alike wore the little silver cross, often tied with a bit of purple ribbon. Confined to no particular set, the observer, to his puzzled surprise, discovered the modest badge, always precisely the same in shape and size, shining on the bosom of the lady whose laces and velvets were worth a fortune, and perhaps, a little distance off, its gleam caught his eye against the maid-servant's simple gown, thrown into relief by her frilled cap and white apron.

May I tell you, if you do not know, what the purple ribbon and the silver cross, so unobtrusive, so beautiful, and so rapidly becoming general, are meant to convey to all who notice them? Perhaps you wear them yourself, and do not need my telling, yet you will even then be glad to pass the word along, for you and I belong to the King's Daughters.

The organization, a very simple one, is only about two years old. The seed-thought from which it sprang may be found in the "ten times one is ten" which lingered in many a mind after reading Rev. Edward E. Hale's story of "Harry Wadsworth," and its impulse is the same as that which hundreds and thousands derived from that powerful study of practical Christianity, viz., to "lend a hand."

Its motto, "In His Name," is full of inspiration, and none who join the King's Daughters can resist the eloquent pleading which poverty, trouble, sickness, care, or need of any kind make when presented in that way.

To give the reader an idea of the scope and objects of the King's Daughters it will perhaps be well to quote something about it from a little monograph entitled "Hints and Helps," published by the General Secretary of the Order, Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson, 239 West Fifty-ninth street, New York:

"Each branch consists of at least ten members.

"The general society includes all branches. Any woman may form a branch by uniting nine other women with herself for joint effort in doing good.

"Each branch may choose its special work. Anything, however small or simple, that helps another human being to be better, or happier is proper work for the Daughters of the King.

"There should be frequent meetings of each Ten at such intervals as they may choose. Such meeting should open with a passage of Scripture or a hymn and prayer. Reports should be given of the good accomplished, and plans for future work discussed.

"Whatever special work may be done, all branches have the common work of increasing the number of Tens. Every number of a ten may form any number of Tens. One may be the King's Daughter, and unite with no Ten. On the other hand, Tens may be formed without adopting the order's chosen name. Each Ten may organize and elect officers, but in so small a body it is not essential. The one who forms a Ten should keep a list of members and lines of work, and such interesting features and incidents as mark the growth and purposes of the branch.

"It is contrary to the spirit of so elastic an organization to define the routine of what each Ten shall be and do. These points each must settle in accordance with its own conditions. The same suggestions would not be helpful to all branches, and any question that may arise in the practical working of a branch may be addressed to the Secretary."

Having read these terse statements, it will interest you to hear of some of the work carried on by Tens with which I am acquainted. Wherever I see a friend who has taken to wearing the cross my first question is, "And what is your Ten doing?" Wherever I see the little cross, though the wearer be somebody I never met before and may never meet again, I feel like slipping my hand into hers and saying, "You too are working In His Name!" On journeys, especially those of any length, women sometimes form very pleasant and helpful acquaintances through the medium of the well-known and dearly-loved badge.

In a certain Home wherein orphan children are gathered there is a tiny girl who was a short time ago peculiarly friendless. "No one ever comes to ask for little Madge," said the matron, pityingly, one day, "and the dear child notices it, for most of the others have an auntie or cousin or grown-up sister who looks after them or sends them a gift at Christmas-time."

"Girls," said a lady who had clustered her Ten, and had listened to their declaration that they wanted something worth doing, "Suppose we adopt little Madge?"

The proposition met with instant favor, and forthwith Madge was taken under the protection of these eager, wide-awake young women, who paid her board in the institution which had opened its doors to her forlorn babyhood, and charged themselves with all her other expenses. Their monthly dues were ample for all essentials of Madge's maintenance, clothing, shoes, etc., but these being supplemented by "conscience money," were speedily swelled into such a fund that they looked about for somebody else to help. This Ten set itself collectively and individually to the practice of good English in daily speech. A member who dropped into slang paid a penny fine for every lapse. A member who said anything unkind of the absent was also fined. They might have called their Ten the Ten of the Golden Rule.

There are all sorts of Tens among the King's Daughters. A Ten of little girls has received the designation of the Sunbeam Ten; their business is to do what they can to make sorrowful people glad. There is the Courteous Ten, who never suffer themselves to speak impolitely; the Mind-Mother Ten, whose name is their own certificate; The Missionary Ten, who go on errands cheerfully, and besides there are ever so many Hospital Tens, who find their work in caring for the sick and poor.

A Ten was formed in a girls' college, and on consideration its members decided that they would use their contributions in educating some young woman who had not the means to pay her own expenses at their *alma mater*. To do this, and to carry their beneficiary successfully through her four years' course, would require a great deal of self-denial, and "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together."

These girls had liberal allowances, and belonged to the families of the well-to-do. Nevertheless they were undertaking a serious enterprise, and so the President of their college told them when they consulted him on the subject. Realizing that they were in earnest, he acceded to their wish that they should become responsible for the term bills and other expenses of a ward to be selected, wisely providing that they should not know her name, and that she should equally be ignorant of her benefactors. "This," said the President, "will prevent embarrassment on both sides. You will not be in danger of behaving with patronage. She will not feel sensitive at receiving favors from her classmates. It will be necessary only for her to enter into an agreement to pass along the benefits she receives, should she ever be able to do so."

Another Ten happened to hear of a widow who was prevented by a sprained ankle from going to her usual work of washing and ironing for her employers. This Ten had no money to spend, but they knew how to perform laundry-work, so they took turns in keeping their friend's places until she was able to resume her interrupted labors. Each one who gave a day's hard work cheerfully handed over its payment to the person who was laid aside, and so she had food and fire and peace of mind during her unwelcome vacation.

Many Sunday-school teachers have organized their classes into Tens, and so it has come to pass that we find the badge of the King's Daughters in unexpected places. Often the silver cross shines at the neck of the little girls in Macy's, those willing little messengers who flit hither and yonder at the magical cry "Cash!" and the lady who has alighted from her carriage, and comes into this or some other large shop to make her purchases, recognizes a sister in the child who does her errands or in the girl who waits upon her. On both sides of the counter there is an added touch of interest, and sympathy makes both women more patient and polite. The richer is reminded of her responsibility in the use of her possessions. The poorer is uplifted from the temptation to foolish envy. Each knows that she is bound to help the other. And the help is being given and accepted daily, though very unobtrusively, the aim being always to be very practical and direct.

King's Daughters are opening lodging-houses for working women, are building summer cottages, where mothers and babies may go for rest and the benefit of sea or mountain air, are sending missionaries to distant lands, are supporting Bible-readers at home in our cities and villages.

The King's Daughters are giving new interest to all our benevolent work, and are lending a hand in boys' clubs and temperance unions.

We may smile, if we belong to the Gradgrind faction, at the sentiment which finds expression in the royal purple of a ribbon and the glimmer of a bit of silver; but nothing in the whole world is so strong as a sentiment after all. The flag which floats over our ships and forts and arsenals is only a width or so of bunting, its intrinsic value slight; yet it fixes our adoring regard, and men have died for it, and men will die for it again. Seeing it in foreign lands, the home-sick pilgrim could kiss its folds for very joy. So when the King's Daughters gather in bands of Ten, assume a distinctive badge, bring to their aid the strength of sisterhood, and use the common motto, "In His Name," they avail themselves of the fine and subtle power of a sentiment. One alone is not so strong as twice two. Ten times one has the strength of multiplication.

At the May anniversary held in the hall of the Young Women's Christian Association in New York in 1888, the second since its beginning, hundreds of the thousands who belong to the order were present, and hundreds went away disappointed, *unable to press their way* into the building. Mrs. Margaret Bottome, the President and founder of the order, made an eloquent address. Mrs. Dickinson, its able and magnetic Secretary, told something of what it had already accomplished, and hymns written for the occasion by King's Daughters were sung with thrilling effect.

"Going forth on gentle errands,
As the Master went before;
Light the little cross we carry.
Heavy was the cross He bore."

The words were wafted heavenward, and it was easy to see how sincerely they were meant by the army of King's Daughters who joined in their chorus.

To what proportions the order may yet grow it is impossible to predict. As every member of every Ten may, if she choose, herself form a Ten, as all members are enthusiastic, and no requirements are arbitrary, it is difficult to see where we will stop. Why should we?

"*There are lonely hearts to cherish*
While the days are going by,"

and while the King's Daughters can find a single grief, a single load to lift, a single tangle to straighten, there will be room for them to labor "In His Name."—*Harper's Young People.*

GIVING UP FAMILY WORSHIP.

When I first began business for myself, says one, I was determined through grace, to be particularly conscientious with respect to family prayer. Accordingly, I persevered for many years in the delightful practice of domestic worship. Morning and evening, every individual of my family was ordered to be present; nor would I allow my apprentices to be absent on any account. The pressure of a successful business led me to give it up, and to offer a prayer with my wife in the morning. Repeated checks of conscience followed this base omission, and it pleased the Lord to awaken me by a singular providence. One day I received a letter from a young man who had formerly been my apprentice, previous to my omitting family prayer. Not doubting but I continued domestic worship, his letter was chiefly on this subject; it was couched in the most affectionate and respectful terms, but judge of my surprise and confusion when I read these words:

"Oh, my dear master! never, never shall I be able sufficiently to thank you for the precious privilege with which you indulged me in your family devotions! Oh, sir! eternity will be too short to praise my God for what I have learned there! It was there I first beheld my lost and wretched state as a sinner, it was there that I first knew the way of salvation, and there that I first experienced the preciousness of Christ in me the hope of glory. Oh, sir! those precious engagements; you have yet a family and more apprentices; may your house be the birth-place of their souls!"

I could read no farther; every line flashed condemnation in my face. I trembled, I shuddered, I was alarmed lest the blood of my children and apprentices should be demanded of my soul-murdering hands. Filled with confusion, and bathed in tears, I fled for refuge in secret. I spread the letter before God. I agonized, and light broke in upon my disconsolate soul, and a sense of blood-bought pardon was obtained. From that day to the present I have been faithful and, am determined, through grace, that whenever my business becomes so large as to interrupt my family prayer, I will give up the superfluous part of my business, and retain my devotion; better to lose a few shillings than become the deliberate murderer of my family, and the instrument of ruin to my own soul.—*Presbyterian Advocate.*

MORE THAN CONQUERER.

Devote yourself to God, and you will find
God fights the battles of a will resigned,
Love Jesus; love will no base fear endure;
Love Jesus; and of conquest rest secure.

THE GREAT MISTAKE of my life has been that I have tried to be moral without faith in Christ; but I have learned that true *morality* can only keep pace with trust in Christ as the only Saviour.—*Gerrit Smith.*

HOW TO BRING MEN TO CHRIST.

The Rev. O. P. Gifford, of Boston, recently made a stirring address before the Baptist Social Union, of Philadelphia, which was reported at some length in the *National Baptist*, and from this report we extract a few paragraphs which will be found stimulating and instructive.

And another thing is to take the truth we have to men who have it *not*; and to do this by personal contact. You remember that John Erickson and Ole Bull were boys together in their native land. John Erickson grew up a hard, mechanical man, and Ole Bull became the famous musician. They came together in New York some years ago when Ole Bull had swayed the world with his music. Ole Bull said, "John, come and hear me play to-morrow night." And John said, "I have no time." He called again and invited him, and the answer was, "I have no time." But Ole Bull said, "If you don't come to hear me play, I will come and play to you." "If you bring that fiddle into my shop," said the hard mechanic, "I will smash it." But he came and said, "John, there is something the matter with my fiddle; there are some mechanical principles involved here that I don't quite understand." And together they discussed about the different fibres of wood, and the tones and semi-tones, and the underlying principles, and by-and-by Ole Bull said, "I will illustrate; I will place this string here and that one there; and he illustrated in his wonderful way until the workmen stopped in their labor and drew around the great musician; he played on and on, and when Ole Bull dropped the bow, John Erickson said, with the tears streaming down his cheeks, "Go on, go on; I never knew before what was lacking in my life."

Brother, there are thousands of men and women in these Philadelphia lodging-houses and boarding-houses that think they hate God, Christ's righteousness and redemption; and you cannot convince them of their error by hiring some hand-organ man to grind out the truths of Christianity on the sidewalk. But you and I must go to them; it is our duty to meet them in their want, to meet them in their hunger of soul, to touch them where they can be touched, to bring to them the Christ who has done so much for us; and when we have done that, we have begun to do our duty.

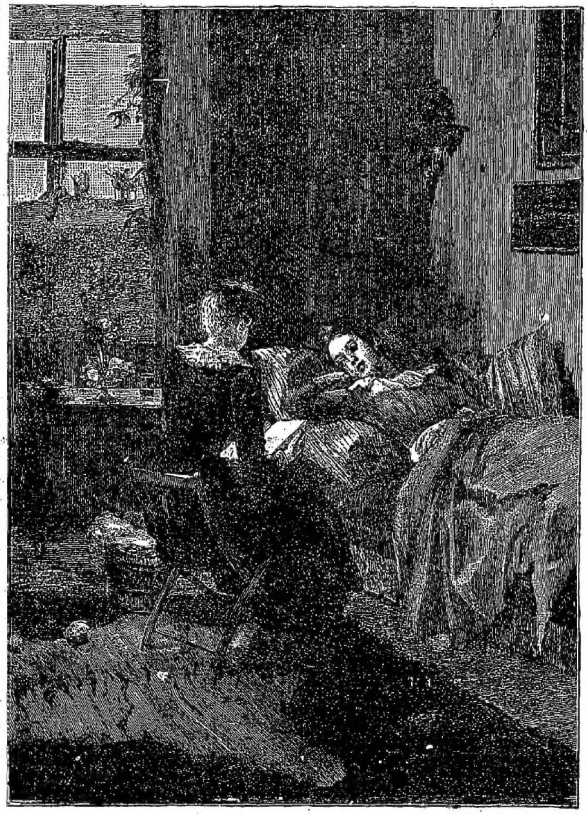
Now, you know my ideal of the Christian Church. Victor Hugo tells us in "Les Miserables" how Jean Valjean and Marius, pursued in the streets of Paris, lifted the man-hole and dropped into the sewer of the city; how the iron grate closed over them and they were in a *living tomb*; how the ex-convict carried the wounded man on his shoulders and trudged mile after mile with his dying brother man until he came to the place where had gathered the filth and nastiness of years; and down into it he went until the filth came to his knees, to his loins, to his breast, and lifting the man above his head, he went still down, and down until it came to his chin, and lifting the dying man clear over all, he struggled on with up-turned face until he found the solid rock beneath his feet, and up from the filth he rose, and two lives were saved.

That is to me standing here to-night, and has been for years, the picture of the Church of God as he would have it, going down into the depths of misery lower than men can fall, lifting humanity up above the power of sin and temptation, struggling toward God. And when we have done that, we have done our duty and conquered our dangers. And may God give us grace to do it.

A CHRISTIAN'S LAST HOURS.

Death-bed scenes of thrilling interest are very rare; for, as a rule, people are almost or quite unconscious for some time before death: but occasionally the Lord seems to permit his saints to have some foretaste of the heavenly joys before they reach the pearly gates. The following is a very sweet and touching account of a Christian's last hours:—

Frances Ridley Havergal, during her last illness, while suffering intensely from a high fever, in sweet submission, said, "God's will is delicious; he makes no mistakes." Bidding one of her physicians good-by, she asked, "Do you really think I am going?" He answered, "Yes." "To-day?", she inquired. "Probably," was the reply. Then she exclaimed, "Beautiful! too good to be true!" And, looking up with a smile, added, "Splendid! to be so near the gates of heaven!" Later, as the time of her departure came, she nestled down into the pillows, folding her arms upon her breast, saying, "There—it is all over! Blessed rest!" Her countenance became radiant with the glory seemingly breaking in upon her soul, and those who watched her, thought she appeared as if she was conversing with the King in his beauty. She tried to sing, but after one sweet note her voice failed, and she was gone, to be with her Lord.—*Selected.*



AN IMPORTANT SANITARY STEP.

A young woman in Paris, having a medical education, has been appointed a medical inspector of girls in the Parisian schools. Her duties are to see that the girls are not overworked and that they perform their tasks under the best sanitary conditions possible. This is a good step forward in practical school sanitation. Since, in most localities, attendance upon school is enforced for certain periods, it seems to follow as a logical conclusion that the state should, at least, turn out the children in as healthy a condition as they are received. That this cannot be done in the ordinary American school, under the conditions generally prevalent, will be readily conceded by nearly every one at all conversant with school life. It has been often argued that each board of education should have a medical officer, and it is a good sign to be able to record the appointment of one with specified duties.—*Sanitary News.*

DON'T BET!

BY DR. THAIN DAVIDSON.

Young men, don't bet! Perhaps no evil of our time is working more mischief than this. The extent to which it has reached is alarming. The land is filled with the curse of gambling from one end of it to the other. In quiet country hamlets, in pleasant watering-places, in the gloomy coal and iron districts, and in the fashionable resorts of great cities—everywhere this horrible vice exists. There is the gambling of commerce, the gambling of the Stock Exchange, the gambling of the race-course, and casino, the gambling of games of hazard, and the gambling of the unwashed urchins who toss copper on the street. If possible, thief gambles with thief in gool; ay, perhaps, the judge who tried them, the lawyers who prosecuted and defended, all gamble too. Strange infatuation! Prolific source of iniquity and misery!

I defy any man to look me in the face, and say that he could kneel down and thank God for a shilling or a hundred pounds which he had acquired by a bet. The gain is due to no merit nor industry of his own, and means loss to some other person. Therefore, there is a curse upon it, and you can do nothing better than fling it into the sea.

This evil is spreading; and it is time to speak out plainly on the subject. There is not a Christian merchant in London, there is not an astute business man, be he a Christian or not, who would not at once dismiss from his office a clerk who was addicted to this practice. I recollect reading a speech of the late Mr. Fawcett, the excellent Postmaster-General, in which he stated that nearly all young men in the Post Office who went wrong did so through betting. Even the *Times* newspaper, to whose columns we would not turn for instruction of a religious character, used these words in an article upon the subject:—"Horse-racing is an amusement to which is directly traceable more misery, more ruin, more demoralization, than to any other lawful pastime."

I once went as a visitor to see that strange place—a material paradise and a moral hell in one—Monte Carlo. I peeped into the gambling saloon. What a picture! What agony on those faces gathered round the green table! Hollow eyes, haggard looks, pale complexions, quivering nerves; may I never see the like again! The passion once roused becomes desperate, and everything must yield before it. I never knew a gambler who did not come to a wretched end. Young men, whatever you do, don't bet!—*English Paper.*

ON TWO SIDES.

"Choose you whom ye will serve."—Jos. xxiv. 15.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

How calmly the day is fading,
How softly the sunlight's gleam!
Amid the shining and shading
I think I begin to dream.

Now close the book, little Ethel,
I want to ponder and wait;
This quiet room is a Bethel,
And sorrow is heaven's gate.

I never thought of thanksgiving
Till strength was taken away;
You know that I went on living
A life that was cold and gay.

I called you a foolish dreamer,
A dweller in mist and cloud;
While I was the thoughtful schemer,
Too wise for the common crowd!

And yet, through my fast-shut portal
The tone of your voice came faint;
Your song was a song immortal,
Your face the face of a saint.

In silence you saw me wreathing
My brow with a laurel crown;
But yours were the violets, breathing
Of something beyond renown.

I walked with a proud defiance
Of things that I could not see;
You leaned, with a sweet reliance,
On One who was veiled to me.

But then came trouble and illness,
And phantoms of doubt and fear;
And then the twilight and stillness,
When Ethel, my friend, drew near.

I love her for all she brought me,
The balm and the healing stream;
And now she has soothed and taught me
I, too, have begun to dream.

—*English Paper.*

STILL LIVING.

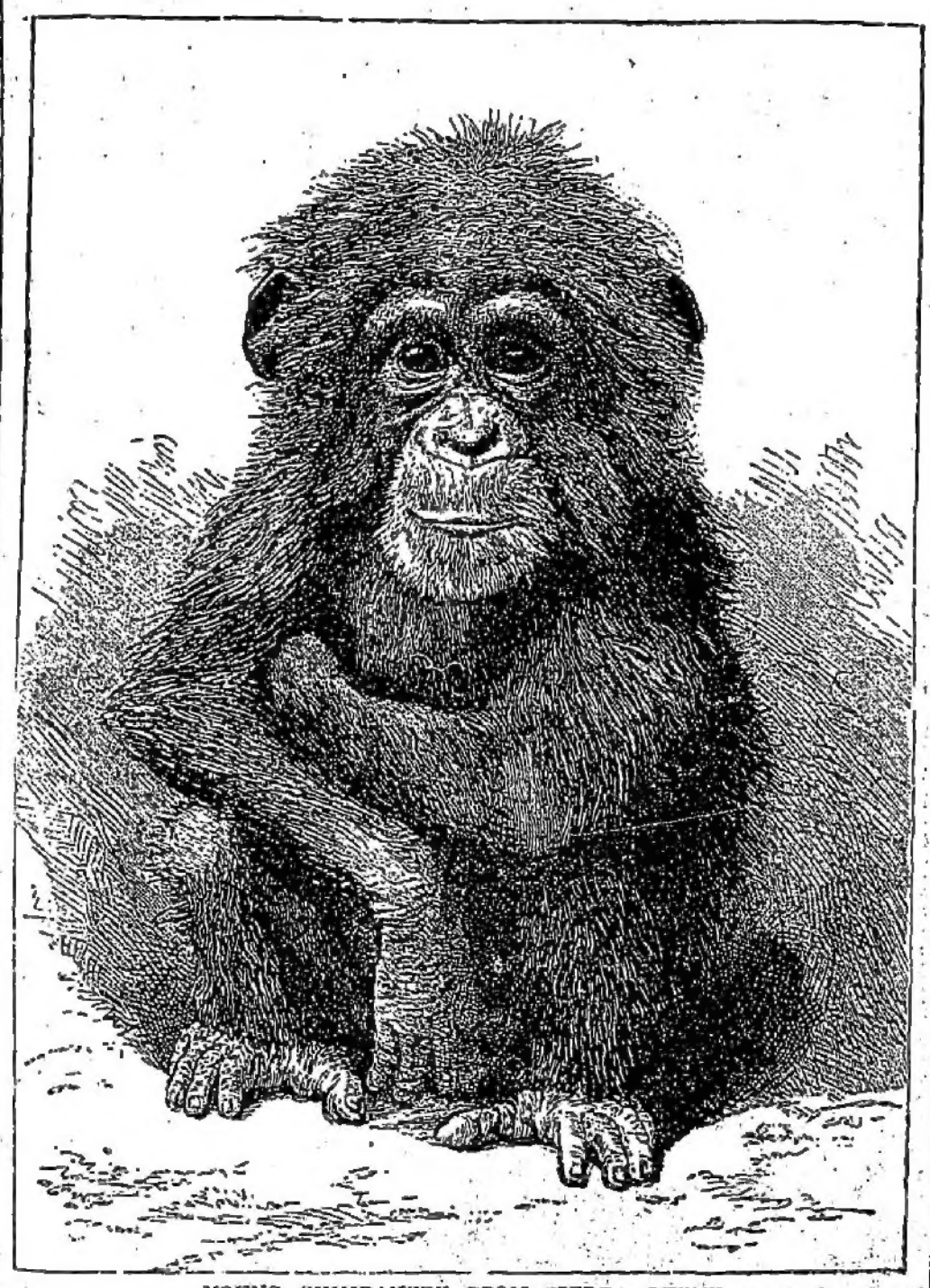
The language of the Bible grows more harmoniously luminous with the growing light, when its words are read and interpreted simply, as words still living; they are found to give the spiritual message which each age requires, the one message made audible to each hearer in the language wherein he was born.—*Canon Westcott.*

A FIRM PLATFORM.

In my investigation of natural science, I have always found that whenever I can meet with anything in the Bible on my subject, it always affords me a firm platform on which to stand.—*Lieut. Maury.*

SUNSHINE AND DEW.

As well might we expect vegetation to spring from the earth without the sunshine or the dew, as the Christian to unfold his graces and advance in his course without patient, persevering, ardent prayer.—*Abbott*



YOUNG CHIMPANZEE FROM SIERRA LEONE.

NOVELTIES AT THE LONDON ZOO.

They are always securing something new and wonderful at the Zoological Gardens in London. The latest novelties we show our readers on this page. The cuts are from photographs of the animals taken in their new home.

The young chimpanzee, says the London *Graphic*, is named "Jennie," and arrived from Sierra Leone some weeks since. It has been deposited with the Society by Mr. Swanzy, Mr. Clarence Bartlett, the assistant superintendent of the Gardens, going to Liverpool to meet his new charge and bring her to London. On her arrival in the Gardens she was placed in the apartment adjoining that occupied by the well-known "Sally." Although the Society at various times has received nearly forty specimens of this species of anthropoid ape, nearly all of them have arrived in such a sickly condition that they have been unable to withstand the rigor of our climate for more than a few days. About fourteen years ago one known as "Joe" lived for three years, and "Sally" has been in the Gardens for five years. These two cases, however, are very conspicuous exceptions, and all interested in the matter will therefore be glad to hear that "Jennie" arrived in good health and spirits, apparently none the worse for her journey. If her owner intends leaving her with the Society, which, as her chances of life are greater under the experienced care she will there receive, it is hoped he will do, the keepers having such a good start may succeed in rearing her. None of the previous specimens have arrived at such a tender age, for "Jennie" cannot be much over eighteen months old, and none of them have possessed such a quaint, old-fashioned face, which is the nearest resemblance to a human countenance which we have yet seen in the animal world. She is very docile and intelligent, likes being petted, cries if she is left alone, and in her playful moments romps about in her cage with the zest of a child. To watch her antics as she climbs about on the bars, or rolls over in play, is quite a fascinating amusement, and the absurd way in which every now and then she sits down and, deliberately folding her arms, proceeds to pinch her wazen little face into grotesque grimaces at her keeper, is irresistibly comical.

The mother of the tiger cub was shot by Mr. Markham, C. S., in the Bignor district, India, Mr. Ribbentrop, the Inspector-General of Forests, Sir Edward C. Buck, and Mr. Reginald Hurd being the rest of the party. On the previous day the tigress had killed a large panther which, it was supposed, the anxious mother was afraid would attack the cubs. A grand fight must have occurred, for the natives who reported it say the roaring was terrific. Sir Edward Buck secured the cub, which is now about five months old, and it was at first fed entirely on milk out of a bottle, as represented in the engraving. The milk diet proved too rich, and a "committee of doctors" having "sat upon" it, it was decided to bring it up on raw beef juice, on which diet it apparently thrived. It had for some time as its playfellow a little pariah puppy, which was called "the poor companion." The dog was not in the least afraid of the cub, although the latter often jumped on its playmate as if about to kill it. The little puppy, however, would drive the aggressor off with a snap and a yap, and showed itself the master. The cub was brought to England by Mr. E. J. Buck, of Dhariwal, Punjab, in the P. and O. steamer "Ballarat." It is quite tame, and was an immense favorite and pet amongst the passengers, one American gentleman offering a large sum for it. It was first taken to Mr. Buck's house at Clapton, where it played with his children in the garden, and on the 13th inst. was conveyed to the Zoological Gardens.

A WINTER NIGHT'S EXPERIENCE.

"Don't trouble, John. Please God, I'll be better soon."

But the faint labored tones told John Wright that his wife was far from being better. She had often been ill, but he had never known her have such an acute attack of bronchitis as this.

There was no doubt that she ought to have medical help without delay, yet how could he, crippled as he was by rheumatism, walk the two long miles of lonely country road which lay between him and the doctor's house? "If I could get along at all, I should be hours doing it," he said to himself; "and how could I leave her alone so long? She might die whilst I was gone."

It was an hour of sore anxiety. John had never before so realized what it was to be old and poor and friendless, save for the good wife whose life now seemed to hang in the balance. It was Saturday evening. There stood the basket of clean linen which his wife had got up in her best style for the family at the rectory. She had persisted in ironing every article, although she was almost too ill to stand, ere she gave in. The money which would be paid for the washing was badly wanted; but who now would carry home the clothes?

As if he had not enough to bear with his rheumatism, without his wife falling ill too? Was ever man in such a painful position?

"If Ward were anything of a neighbor, he would look me up this cold night," muttered John, forgetting that he had once refused to do Ward a neighborly kindness—a fact which the latter was not likely to forget. What was to be done! He went back to his wife's bedside. Her face was more flushed; her breathing more difficult than ever. She could not speak, but she tried to give him an encouraging smile, and a pathetic attempt it was.

"We walk by faith, not by sight." John had read these words in his Bible earlier in the day, and now they flashed upon his mind with new significance. He had never had more need to exercise faith than now. To sight the outlook was most hopeless; but God would help him, and John prayed as he had never prayed before that God would open a way for him out of this trouble, and cause that his wife should not die for want of food and medicine. When he had prayed new courage came to him.

"I'll try, anyhow," he said to himself; "maybe I can get as far as the rectory."

With this idea he lighted his lantern, and lifting the basket of clothes, though the effort cost him some sharp throbs of pain, he staggered with it to the door of the cottage. But there he was forced to put it down, for the keen north wind took away his breath. The night was pitch dark, but the light from his lantern gleamed on fallen snow lying in great patches on either side the narrow path. More snow would probably fall before long. It was not a night on which it was safe for a feeble rheumatic man to venture out.

"God help me! God help us both!" cried John Wright as he turned back.

Just then his ear caught the sound of a heavy footstep crunching over the frozen snow. He waited, and the light of his lantern revealed the form of one of Farmer Booth's laborers coming rapidly on some errand to the cottage.

"My master asked me to bring you this pair of rabbits," explained the man; "but, Mr. Wright, you're surely not thinking of going out in this weather?"

"Oh, thank God, thank God you've come!" cried the old man, to his astonishment.

A few hurried questions and answers, and the position of affairs was made clear.

"I'll run for the doctor, I'll fetch him as quickly as any one can," cried the farm servant; "and then I'll come back for the basket of clothes. Don't you worry. Oh, I am glad the master thought of sending me with those rabbits."

Happily, the doctor was at home, and came as fast as his horse could bring him. And though he found John's wife so ill that at first he could hold out little hope of her recovery, his skill was not exerted in vain. John had the joy of seeing his wife restored to health. He will never forget that winter night, and how the Lord sent help to him in answer to his prayer.

"Call upon me in the day of trouble," saith the Lord; "I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."—*Friendly Greetings.*

TRUTH.

Walter was an important witness in a lawsuit. One of the lawyers, after cross-questioning him severely, said:

"Your father has been talking to you and telling you how to testify, hasn't he?"

"Yes," said the boy.

"Now," said the lawyer, "just tell me how your father told you how to testify."

"Well," said the boy, modestly, "father told me the lawyers would try and tangle me in my testimony; but, if I would just be careful and tell the truth, I could tell the same thing every time."

The lawyer didn't try to tangle up that boy any more.—*Selected.*

TIGER CUB FROM INDIA.

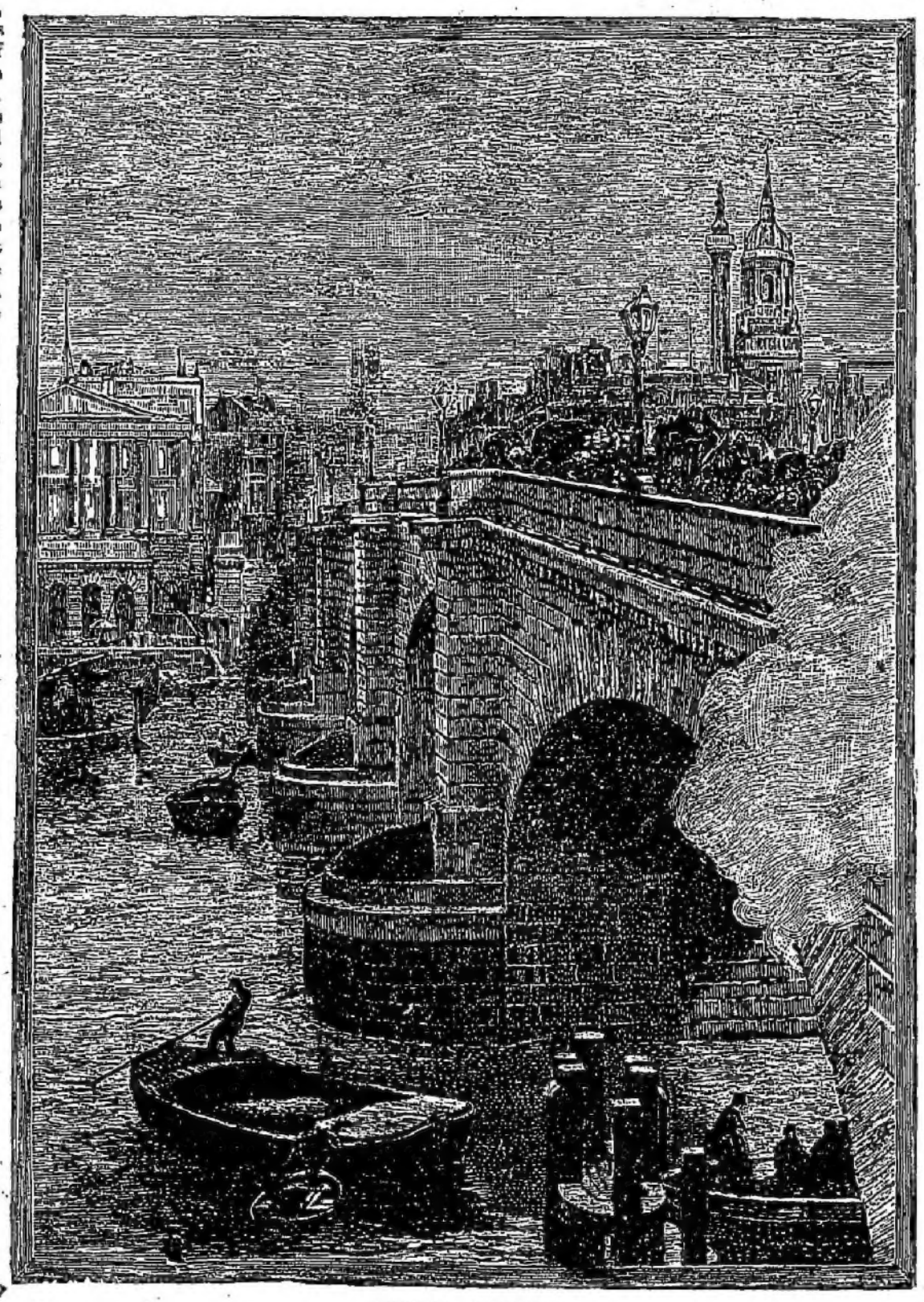
AN ANCIENT BRIDGE.

It is said that the first London Bridge over the Thames was built by the nuns of St. Mary, who lived at Southwark. This was very early in British history, for in 1008 there was a battle fought on the bridge with the Danes, who had taken possession of it. The Danes could be driven off, but there was a mightier foe to this structure. The bridge was a wooden one, and it was dashed to pieces by a violent flood. This wooden bridge was succeeded by another, of the same material, and as the first succumbed to flood so did the second to fire.

The third bridge was made of stone, as wisdom had been learned from the fate of the other two. It was built by an ecclesiastic, Peter of Colechurch, in the reign of Henry II. To raise the necessary money the King put a tax on wool, and so the people used to say that Old London Bridge was built on wool-packs. Peter of Colechurch, who is supposed to have belonged to the Brethren of the Bridge, began his work in 1176, and it was completed in 1209, during the reign of King John. There was no question about the strength of this structure. It was remarkable for its massiveness and the enormous surplus of material used in it. It had twenty arches in a span of 940 feet. The piers were from 25 to 34 feet thick, so that the piers themselves occupied two-thirds of the stream even at high water, while at low water less than one fourth of the whole span was left for waterway, and a dangerous fall was caused. There was a small town built upon the bridge, markets, bakeries, manufactories, dwelling-houses, and even a church. In the crypt of this church were buried the remains of Peter, its architect, who died while the work was in progress. It was in accordance with a custom of the Brethren of the Bridge that when any member of the society died during the superintendence of an important work, his remains should be entombed within the structure. Nearly seven hundred years after Peter's bones were found in the crypt when the work was in progress in the construction of the New London Bridge.

It is said that some of the people who lived on the bridge thought of it as quite a world in itself, and spent their whole lives there, never leaving it. The Londoners of to-day would hardly be so conservative. The great fire of London, in 1666, did much damage to the bridge, so far as the structures upon it were concerned, but it stood for nearly two hundred years more.

The New London Bridge was designed by the architect Rennie, and work was begun upon it in 1824. It is an imposing structure of granite, 928 feet in length, with five elliptical arches, in the place of the twenty of the old bridge. The centre arch has a span of 152 feet. The illustration gives some indication of the thronging traffic that surges over this structure, in the same location where for almost nine hundred years there has been a tide of life passing to and fro over the tides of the river.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*



LONDON BRIDGE.

THE WONDERS OF ICE.

BY CAPTAIN JAMES T. JOHNSTON, R. E.

Ice is one of our cheap luxuries, not so much in England, perhaps, as in sunnier climes, where the want of it requires to be felt, before it can be estimated at its true value; but even here, during the summer months, its use is so pleasant that we can quite understand the old duchess's feelings that, "were the drinking of iced water but a sin it would be so much more delicious." We fear there is a great deal of nonsense about some of our so-called luxuries, their sole claim to the title being their prohibitive cost. They would cease to be so considered should they at any time come within easy reach of all.

One of the greatest blessings that science has conferred upon mankind is the manufacture of artificial ice, which can now be turned out from the machine at the cost of a very few shillings per ton. It is not our intention here to describe the several methods of producing it, by radiation, evaporation, expansion, etc., nor to dwell upon its manifold benefits; but it is worthy of remark that artificial ice is purer, more transparent, harder and denser than that formed by nature. A brief outline of how ice is obtained in certain parts of Northern India during the cold weather, and stored for use against the next hot season, may interest those who have not seen or heard of it before. A large open space, proportionate to the size of the cantonment, is selected on its outskirts, covered over with the dried stems of the last season's maize, and laid out in rows with myriads of small, shallow earthenware saucers, having paths just wide enough for a man to walk between. In one corner are the storehouses, deep pits, some 40 to 50 feet in diameter, surrounded at ground level by a thick mud wall, about 6 feet high, the whole covered in with a conical roof of deep thatch.

Each evening at sunset, during the cold weather, the *bihistis* (water carriers) from every house are summoned to the ice-field by the beating of *tom-toms* (native drums beaten with the fingers), where they proceed to fill their *mashaks* (the skins in which they carry the water) from wells sunk for the purpose, and from which they fill the little saucers. Next morning, before the sun is up, a small army of coolies is assembled, by the same means as were the bihistis the evening before, to collect, in rough baskets, the ice that has formed in the saucers during the night, and to empty it into the pits, where it is rammed by others into a solid mass.

These operations continue daily, so long as the frosts last, by which time each storehouse contains one huge block of ice, several feet thick, which is then covered over with a layer of straw and several feet of earth, there to remain until required for use. The average yield is 1½ seers (3 lbs.) per head per day, for four or perhaps four or four and one-half months; but the introduction of ice-machines is fast supplanting this crude method of manufacture, which in its day has proved an inestimable boon to thousands of our fellow-countrymen whose lot has been cast in the shiny East.

We all know that water, in freezing, after reaching a certain degree of cold, viz., 40° Fahrenheit, violates the general law of contraction-by-cold, by expanding; 174 volumes of water producing 184 volumes of ice; but few, perhaps, are aware of the enormous force exerted by it, when confined, in passing from the liquid to the solid state. In order to test the greatness of this force, Huyghens filled a cannon, made of iron one inch thick, with water, and having securely closed its mouth and touch-hole, exposed it to a strong freezing draught. The water froze in about 12 hours, and expanded with such terrific force as to burst the piece. The force exerted upon this occasion was calculated to be sufficient to raise 27,720 lbs. This calls to mind a dangerous piece of construction that we have observed, particularly in barrack buildings, where the verandah of an upper story is supported by cast iron pillars, which are made to do duty also as rain-water pipes. In course of time one or more of these down-pipes gets choked, a frost sets in, the confined water freezes, the pillar bursts, down comes the verandah with a crash, and the authorities are astonished; but what else could they expect after blindly inviting such a catastrophe?

The fact of ice taking much longer to melt than it does to form, as well as that of its hardness being proportionate to the degree of cold by which it is congealed, facilitates the construction of the fairy-like ice-palaces of northern regions. "During the hard frost of 1740, a palace of ice was built at St. Petersburg after the most elegant model, and the justest proportions of Augustine architecture. It was 52 feet long, and 20 feet high. The materials were quarried from the surface of the river Neva, and the whole stood glistening against the sun with a brilliancy almost equal to its own. To increase the wonder, six cannons of ice, two bombs and mortars, all of the same material, were planted before this extraordinary edifice. The cannons were three-pounders; they were charged with gunpowder and fired off. The ball of one of them pierced an oak plank at 60 paces distant and two inches thick, nor did the piece burst with the explosion."*

There is always a certain charm about paradoxes, and ice furnishes some that appear particularly absurd. It seems, at first sight, ridiculous to be able to set fire to anything by means of a piece of ice, but this has been done, and can be done again by any child. One very clear day, a gentleman near Wentworth procured a circular piece of ice, 2 ft. 9 in. in diameter, and 5 in. thick, which he reduced to the form of a lens; and having, about noon, exposed it to the sun, the rays transmitted through it converged to a focus at seven feet distance, and fired gunpowder, paper, linen, and other combustibles.

Quite as impossible does the converse read, viz., to make ice with the aid of fire; yet this is equally true and equally easy of accomplishment. We have only to fill a pewter pot with water, and place a plate of similar alloy filled with snow on the top of it, then to bring this simple apparatus near the fire, and stir the snow with a piece of stick or other instrument. As the snow dissolves, ice will form upon the under side of the plate. Mixing a little salt with the snow will render the result more apparent, which reminds us of still another paradox, namely, that we can melt ice by increasing the degree of its coldness. To prove this, mix sal-ammoniac with snow or pounded ice, which will at once convert them into water; and if we now place a thermometer in the mixture we shall find that their cold has been increased to a surprising degree. Any salt-alum, nitre, or common salt will do the same, but in their case the cold produced will not be so intense.

A pretty experiment is to melt the interior of a lump of ice without in any way affecting its exterior, by bringing the rays of the sun, through a burning glass, to a focus in its centre. In melting, the centre will contract, and become a drop of water in an envelope of air, and will puzzle many, like the fly in the amber, or the milk in the cocoa-nut.

The following account of a natural ice-house discovered in Burgundy about the middle of the last century, from the History of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, is interesting:—"It is a great cavern hollowed in a mountain, which is covered with oak and other large trees; the entrance resembles the gate of a city; the arch is raised very high; one can see clearly in all parts of it, and the interior is a spacious saloon, covered with a kind of vaulted roof upwards of sixty feet high, the flooring of crystal. There is often ice in it to the depth of four feet, and some great pieces besides, which hang from the vault in the form of festoons. The people are busy all day long carrying away the ice in waggons and on mules to all parts of the province, and yet the store is never exhausted; for one day in the midst of summer produces more than can be carried off in eight days. This prodigious quantity of ice is formed out of a rivulet that flows in a part of the grotto, which runs in winter, but is frozen in summer, and all the winter through the cave is filled with thick vapors."

*M. de Mairon, "Dissert. sur la Glace," Part II., sect. 3. chap. 3.

TRIFLES.

The massive gates of Circumstance
Are turned upon the smallest hinge,
And thus some seeming pettiest chance,
Oft gives our life its after tinge,
The trifles of our daily lives,
The common things scarce worth recall,
Whereof no visible trace survives,
These are the mainsprings, after all.

POEM FOR RECITATION.

THE TALK IN THE PRIMARY SCHOOL.

Come hither, my little laddies,
And leave your bats and ball,
Come, round heads, black heads, yellow and brown,
I want to talk with you all.

I see that Little Charlie
Is not in his place to-day,
And I wanted to talk with the rest of you
When Charlie should be away.

You have often seen that Charlie's clothes
Were torn and not very clean,
His coat unbrushed, his hair uncombed,
And his mittens worn and mean.

You know that Charlie's dinners
Are not as nice as your own,
And so he always carries them off
And eats them all alone;

You have noticed that his lessons
Are seldom learned aright,
And many times they are untouched
When the rest of you recite.

And I have been grieved to notice
That you leave him out in the cold,
And he seems like a poor Lost Lambie
Strayed away from the fold.

I can see he never has a share
In any plans or joys,
You leave him alone and you laugh at him,
The rest of you happy boys.

I know he never looks happy,
And often seems distressed,
When I find him all alone by himself
Wandered away from the rest.

Now, shall I tell you his trouble?
Charlie's mother is dead!
No gentle hand to guide has he
Or rest on his curly head.

Nobody helps with his lessons
Or teaches him to recite.
And nobody comes to his little bed
And tucks him in at night,

There is none to put up his lunches,
Dainty and nice like your own,
And that is why he carries them off
And eats them all alone.

Nobody wakes this little boy,
In the early morning light,
And nobody kisses his little face,
And makes it clean and bright;

For the lips that kissed Little Charlie
Are crumbling back to dust,
And the gentle mother who loved him
Is living in Heaven, we trust.

What is it, my brave boy Billy,
With coat-sleeve over your eyes—
He is sorry he teased Little Charlie
And that is why he cries.

And you, too, my chubby Tommy,
What is that that you say?—
You "will give him part of your dinner."
Ah, now! that is just the way.

Aleck, my thoughtful student,
Well, really, that is good!
You "will help him learn his lessons,"
I heartily wish you would.

Robbie, my wee little fellow!
My youngest, my baby man,
You can "kiss Little Charlie,"—
Yes, darling! I know you can.

You all will treat Little Charlie
Just as you do each other,
Just as you know you ought to treat
The boy who has no mother.

Now all of you little laddies
Go back to your bats and ball,
To morrow when Charlie is in his place
I think I can trust you all.

—*Emily Baker Smalle, in Pansy.*

HEARING OURSELVES AS OTHERS HEAR US.

BY MARY E. SWEETSER.

Mrs. Lamson and Mrs. Flanders exchanged a good morning greeting, as they stood in their respective doorways, where they had come to call their boys to breakfast.

"Come, Charley," said Mrs. Lamson, "breakfast is all ready."

"Come, breakfast is hot, come in now, George," said Mrs. Flanders.

Charley smiled, and George frowned, as each started for home.

The sentences uttered by the two mothers, when written, seem to be very similar, but could you have heard them spoken, you would have found it difficult to believe the words were so nearly the same. Mrs. Lamson's call would have the effect upon your mind as if she had said,

"Come, Charley, my son, I have been preparing a splendid breakfast for you, and have no doubt you are all ready to enjoy it."

Mrs. Flanders' tone of voice said,

"Come, come, come, I have been working hard, while you were playing, to have your breakfast hot, and now it will surely be all cold, before you are seated at the table."

Mrs. Flanders did not mean to fret. She seldom did allow herself to do so in words, but she did not in the least realize that the impatience which had become habitual in her tone, would be nearly as irritating to her children.

She sat sewing that afternoon, in her chamber, with the door ajar into the nursery adjoining, where her little six-year-old Nellie, and a younger companion, were playing.

"Now," said Nellie to her visitor, "you be my little girl, and I'll be your mother and talk to you just like my mother does to me. You must ask me if you can go out and slide," prompted Nellie.

"Tan I go out an' slide?" quoted Katie.

"Yes, dear, you may go, but be sure and come home in half an hour. You have your mittens on, have you not?"

Mrs. Flanders dropped her work in utter amazement, at the exact counterpart of her own voice, in her imitator. Nellie continued to herself in the same querulous tone.

"She'll be sure to punch a hole in her mitten, and then I shall have it to mend. Oh dear! what a bother children are." ("I never said such a thing," soliloquized the mother.) "I don't suppose she will come home in time, either. The half-hour is gone, I must call her."

"Katie! come in! Let me look at your mitten. Yes, a hole, just as I thought. You are a very careless girl, Katie Jenkins. Have you sewed the square in your patchwork to-day? I thought not."

"Now you must say,' suggested Nellie, to her very docile playmate, "but I had to do an errand for Mrs. Hyde."

"But I had to do erran' for Miss Hite," promptly repeated Katie.

"Oh, yes! I do just wish Mrs. Hyde would do her own errands."

"My mother don't talk like that way," put in Katie.

"Mine does," said Nellie, emphatically. "Now," she continued, "you may come to supper, although it is altogether too good for such a child."

Mrs. Flanders heard no more. She was too absorbed listening to her own perturbed thoughts. "I never talk in that way, but certainly the words fit the tone, precisely. Is it possible that her quick little mind interprets the tone rather than the words? It seems as if she had read my very feelings."

For several days Mrs. Flanders made a great effort to speak cheerfully, and as she noticed the quick, surprised smile in the upturned faces of her children, when the same commands were given with a different inflection of voice, her heart smote her that she had so long clouded their lives by her careless petulance. But the habit of years is not easily overcome, and as she sat sewing and thinking one evening she was startled, as she remembered that the old fretfulness had seldom been out of her voice that day. Just then George passed through the hall, singing,

"What a privilge to carry
Everything to God in prayer."

And to God Mrs. Flanders did carry her trouble, not for the first time, by any means, but with such a sense of her own weakness, and such faith that His strength, and his alone, could enable her to conquer, as never fails to find a speedy answer of relief.

That night, Mrs. Flanders dreamed that as she went about the usual work the next day, she was constantly followed, or accompanied, by a presence unperceived by all but herself, who noted every word and tone, Not once did she allow herself to speak to the children in any but the cheeriest manner, although often in her heart feelings of impatience had been cherished. At night she was quite happy over her victory, and as day after day of a week went by and she still succeeded in controlling her voice, she ventured to inquire of the angel (for such she had concluded her visitor must be) if he did not think her bad habit entirely cured. He shook his head sadly. As he did so, although he did not apparently speak, these words were revealed with dazzling clearness to her mind, "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," and awaking, she understood that if she did not pull the root of impatience from her heart, and plant the bulb of thankfulness, all her cutting off, and breaking down, would not prevent new sprouts from unexpectedly and persistently springing up.—*Watchman.*

STRIKER STOWE'S WAY.

Striker Stowe was a tall, powerful Scotchman whose position as "boss striker" at the steel works made him generally known. Nearly all the men in his department were hard drinkers, and he was no exception to the rule But one day it was announced among the workmen that he had been converted, and sure enough, when pressed to take a drink he said,

"I shall never drink mair, lads. Nae droonkard can inherit the kingdom o' God."

The knowing ones smiled and said, "Wait a bit. Wait until hot weather comes. When he gets as dry as a gravel-pit he will give in. He can't help it."

But right through the hottest months he toiled, the sweat pouring off in streams; yet he seemed never to be tempted to drink. Finally, as I was taking the men's time one evening, I stopped and spoke with him. "Stowe," said I, "you used to take considerable liquor. Don't you miss it?"

"Yes," he said emphatically.

"How do you manage to keep away from it?"

"Weel, just this way. It is now ten o'clock, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Weel, to-day is the twentieth o' the month. From seven till eight I asked that the Lord would help me. He did so, an' I put down a dot on the calendar right near the twenty. From eight till nine he kept me, an' I put down another dot. From nine till ten he's kep' me, an' noo I gie him the glory as I put down the third dot. Just as I mark these I pray, 'O Lord, help me; help me to fight it off for another hour.'"

"How long shall you keep this up?" I inquired.

"All o' my life," was the earnest reply. "It keeps me sae full o' peace an' happiness that I wadna gie it up for onything. It is just as if He took me by the hand and said, 'Wark awa', Striker Stowe, I'm wi' ye. Dinna be fearin'. You te'k care of yeer regular wark, an' I'll see to the de'il an' the thirst an' they shalna trouble ye.'"—*American Messenger.*

I HAVE never found a thorough, pervading, enduring morality but in those who feared God.—*Jacobi.*

Question Corner.—No. 22.

PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

59. Where and under what circumstances did Christ appear, and walk with some of the Israelites when they were captives in a strange country?

60. What sacrifices are we besought to make which is called only our reasonable services.

NEW CLUB-RATES

The following are the NEW CLUB RATES for the MESSENGER, which are considerably reduced:

1 copy					$ 0 30
10 copies to one address					2 25
20	"	"	"		4 40
50	"	"	"		10 50
100	"	"	"		20 00

Sample package supplied free on application

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Our subscribers throughout the United States who cannot procure the International Post Office orders at their post-office can get, instead, a Post Office order, payable at Rouse's Point, N. Y., which will prevent much inconvenience both to ourselves and to subscribers.

"NORTHERN MESSENGER" MISSIONARIES.

Since the suggestion of the new plan for mission work in the *Northern Messenger* of October 5th, three other handsome offers have come in which all our readers will enjoy seeing. One lady writes:—

DEAR SIR,—I enclose $1.00, for which please send the *Northern Messenger* to some missionaries in Japan, or wherever they will be likely to do good. I would like to know where they go.

Yours truly, C. M.
A——.

Another lady writes to the *Witness*, where the information was also published:—

Your paper of the 12th inst. gave me a great deal of pleasure as it gave me information in the Rev. Otis Cary's letter which I was very glad to get. I have been a reader of the *Witness* for thirty-seven years. For the sake of economy we often tried to do without it..... but we felt the loss of it so much that before the first month was over we determined by self-denial to save enough to send for it. I now want by the same means, self-denial, to subscribe for some foreign sisters. I enclose $1.00 which will send two copies of the *Northern Messenger* to Miss Mitsu Shigemi, Sanyo Jogakko, Okayama, Japan.

Yours etc.
A GREAT LOVER OF THE WITNESS.

A third says:—

DEAR SIR,—Enclosed find the sum of $1.00 for which please send the *Northern Messenger* to the Rev. T. Kajiro, Kirsutokyo Kivaido, Tottori, Japan. This is my "one-tenth." I hope God will bless it in far away Japan.

Yours truly, A MISSION LOVER.

We have mailed the copies as requested in the last two letters and written to the missionaries to expect them, and hope soon to hear some account of the work they are doing. Those ordered in the first letters will be sent as soon as we receive the address for which we have sent.

And now for the benefit of those who wish to take up this very practical branch of mission work we will give a table of

REDUCED RATES

at which the papers will be sent to missionaries for any person or any Society, or Mission Band who will order them.

2 copies of *Northern Messenger* for one year					70
3	"	"	"	"	$1.11
4	"	"	"	"	1.52
5	"	"	"	"	1.90
6	"	"	"	"	2.28
7	"	"	"	"	2.66
8	"	"	"	"	3.04
9	"	"	"	"	3.42
10	"	"	"	"	3.80

Five persons have already begun on this line of mission-work. Who will be the next?

Address all letters,

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Montreal.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA.

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets by Grocers, labelled thus:

JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

JOLLY BABIES.

Is your baby jolly? or is it peevish? Lactated Food nourishes babies perfectly, keeping them healthy. Babies living upon it sleep well nights, laugh and crow days, always plump and happy. Regulates the bowels and helps in teething. At druggists, 25c., 50c., $1.00.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO, Montreal, P. Q.

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published every fortnight at Nos. 321 and 323 St. James st., Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal.